

**NEGRO BRUTE SHOT.**  
**Mother Forms Posse and Revenges her Nine-Year-Old Daughter.**

Powder Springs, Ga., Sept. 16.—After forming and heading a posse to chase Robert Bostick, a negro, who had attacked her nine-year-old daughter, Mrs. Sarah Reed, wife of a prominent citizen, shot the negro full of bird shot, as soon as he was overtaken.

Bostick was employed at the Reed home and enticed the little girl into an outhouse, where he attacked her and then fled. When the girl told her mother, Mrs. Reed armed herself with a shot gun, formed a posse of neighbors and led them in pursuit of the negro. After a long chase the negro was discovered hidden behind a log in the woods. Mrs. Reed called on the members of the posse to stand back, raised her gun and discharged both barrels into the negro, probably fatally wounding him. She began to reload the gun, when the sheriff and deputies rode up and took charge of the negro. Mrs. Reed, sobbing, begged the sheriff to let her finish Bostick.

The sheriff hurried the negro to Marietta to prevent a lynching.

**NEGRO KILLED IN MARION.**  
**White Men Fatally Wound Darky in Effort to Capture Two Robbers.**

Marion, Sept. 17.—Ed Godbold, a negro living on Mr. A. N. Waller's place, about five miles south of Mullins, was shot and killed on Tuesday night, and an inquest was held yesterday by Magistrate D. J. Oliver, acting as coroner. From what can be learned of the affair, it appears that a party of two or more negroes had held up and robbed a number of white men in the vicinity of Mullins on Tuesday, among the number being Mr. Henry Brown; that Mr. Henry Brown, Mr. Burney Brown, Mr. Joe Brown, Mr. George Waller and several others were hunting the highwaymen and located them in a negro house on the plantation of Mr. A. N. Waller, in which Joe Godbold and his brother, Ed, the deceased, lived; that in an effort to capture the robbers, Ed Godbold was unintentionally shot. The two robbers whose names could not be ascertained, were both captured by the party and taken to Mullins, where, it is understood, they are being given a preliminary trial to-day before Magistrate W. F. Norton. They will probably be brought to Marion this afternoon and lodged in jail to await trial. Dr. E. B. Utley visited the wounded man yesterday morning, found him still alive, but in a hopeless condition. He died before noon.

The verdict of the jury of inquest was that death was caused by "a load of shot from a shotgun fired from outside of the house, and that Joe Brown, Henry Brown and Burney Brown were present, and with the crowd that was hunting the strangers and carried them off."

Magistrate Oliver says that a warrant will have to be issued charging Joe, Henry and Burney Brown with the killing.

**NIGHT RIDERS WARN GINNERS.**  
**Notices Posted on Gins Say Cotton Must Go to 12 Cents.**

Lawrenceville, Ga., Sept. 17.—Night riders have posted written notices, painted with red hands on them in several gins of this county warning the proprietors that their gins will be burned to the ground should a boll of cotton be ginned before the price of cotton has reached 12 cents. It is reported that similar warnings have been posted on many gins and oil mills over the county.

**Little Girl Outraged and Killed.**  
Bluefield, W. Va., Sept. 17.—The body of Lou Stafford, a ten-year-old white girl, who has been missing since Monday night, was found to-night in a clump of bushes in the court house yard at Welch, W. Va. The child was strangled to death after having been assaulted. There are threats of lynching. A white man is suspected, but no arrests have been made.

**NEAR FIRE AT LEXINGTON.**  
**Bale of Cotton in Middle of 500 Found to be in Flames.**

Lexington, Sept. 16.—Lexington came near having a serious fire this afternoon. A bale of cotton was discovered to be on fire in the ware house of W. P. Roof, where 500 bales of cotton were stored. A very strange feature of the fire was the fact that the bale was in the middle of the lot and it caught in the middle of the bale. Evidently a spark must have fallen in the press while the cotton was being baled, for in no other manner could the fire have originated. When discovered the bale was in a blaze, and it was only by the most heroic efforts of those present that a serious conflagration was avoided.

**ITALIAN RUNS AMUCK.**  
**Dago Kills Constable in Florida Town and is Killed Himself.**

St. Petersburg, Fla., Sept. 16.—Constable E. A. George was killed here to-day by an unknown Italian, who was later killed in a desperate fight with Policeman Belleker. The Italian came here from Tampa, and practically took possession of Capt. Tuttle's home. The police were notified and the man was carried to jail, where he made an attack on Constable George, who was alone with the prisoner. It must have been a fearful struggle, for the constable's brains were scattered about the floor of the jail and he was lying in a pool of blood when found. Shots in the jail attracted citizens, and when the police went to the scene they were attacked by the Italian. Several shots were fired and finally the fire company was called out and played a stream of water on the infuriated Italian. After two hours of fighting and the exchange of a dozen or more shots, Policeman Belleker succeeded in shooting down the Italian.

**Had His Foot Crushed.**  
Orangeburg, Sept. 18.—R. M. Crump, white, was severely injured this morning while at work on the Atlantic Coast Line's Santee trestle. Crump was handling a hoisting engine and put his foot on the driving rod instead of the brake. When signed to put on the power his foot was caught between the driving rod and bottom of the friction lever and so badly masher that it is feared amputation will be necessary. The injured man was immediately sent to Orangeburg on a special and received prompt medical attention at the hands of the local Coast Line surgeons, who are endeavoring to save the shattered member.

**WINTHROP CONTRACT LET.**  
**J. D. Elliott, of Hickory, N. C., to Build the New Dormitory.**

Rock Hill, Sept. 16.—The building committee of the Winthrop board has been in session here two days considering the score or more bids submitted for the building of the new dormitory at the College. The contract was this afternoon awarded to J. D. Elliott, of Hickory, N. C. The figures are not given, but it is understood that it is in the neighborhood of \$51,000. Work will begin in the near future, so that the building may be complete by the beginning of the next season.

**S. C. University.**  
More and more the University authorities are striving to link the institution to the common schools of the State. Several members of the present faculty have been closely identified with the common schools—teaching in the State and county schools for teachers, addressing teacher bodies and the public on school matters. Realizing that the high school situation in the State was far from satisfactory, the board of trustees a little more than two years ago established in the University a chair of secondary education, and called to it a man who had taught for nearly twenty years in the common schools, most of that time in South Carolina. Prof. Hand began by giving half of his time to teaching in the institution, and the other half to field work over the State. Within less than a year the demand for his time was so heavy that from that time since he has given almost his entire time to this high school work over the State. In the meantime the legislature has appropriated \$50,000 annually to aid the high schools, and the State board of education made Prof. Hand its State Inspector, further linking the institution to the schools.

There are now in round numbers one hundred state aided high schools, town and rural. These schools are getting the benefit of his services in building courses of study, classifying their work, and urging on the improvement of these schools. For the first time in the history of the State all the colleges and the public at large have access to detailed tabulated information as to the actual work done in all the high schools of the State. The volume of correspondence and the number of bulletins of information which pass through this office are heavy, and are growing almost daily. This department of the University is devoted to the educational interests of the State rather than to the individual interest of this institution.

**Elliott Green Respired.**  
Elliott Green will not pay the death penalty in Barnwell, as decreed by Judge Aldrich at the last term of criminal court.

C. A. Best, Green's attorney, went to Columbia Tuesday to see the governor in his client's behalf. Late Tuesday afternoon the governor notified Sheriff Creech that he had decided to grant Green a respite until Oct. 16 in order to give himself a chance to look into the question of commuting the sentence to life imprisonment.

Greene has been given a new lease on life for four weeks, and the people of the county will await with interest the final disposition of the case.

The case will be referred to the State pardon board at its November meeting.

**A BOTTLE OF TEARS.**  
**One of the Most Striking Temperance Stories Ever Published.**

The following story is vouched for by Rev. J. B. Culpepper of Georgia, who received it from a man in Virginia who said he knew the party and confirmed it in all of its features:

Some years ago a noble young man of Virginia was happily married to one of the most beautiful young women of that grand old State. He possessed a beautiful mansion and a 26 mule farm. But a bar was near his home. The bar-keeper became his personal friend and in time induced him to drink and gamble. As the years rolled by his financial interest failed until his sole possessions were reduced to a home and a one mule farm. One night in the gambling saloon of the bar-room near by, he was brutally shot to death. After being buried by some negroes under an apple tree in his own garden his wife received the following note from the bar-keeper:

"Dear Madam: This will inform you that I hold a mortgage over your late husband's mule and farm, also the farm implements, also the household and kitchen furniture, also your household goods including trunks, wardrobe and wearing apparel. As I wish possession, will you do me the kindness to vacate at once. I herewith send a man to take charge of the premises, the keys, etc., and represent me in all things.

"Signed, \_\_\_\_\_"

The following is the answer to this note:

"Sir, you demand the keys. I send them herewith. The one with a red string unlocks my wardrobe. In the right side you will find my wedding dress. I never wore it but once. It is yours now, by action of my husband, whom I never disobeyed. In the folds of that dress, you will find a small phial, with a few tears in it, the last I had to shed, but they are historical. They stand for the birth of a little girl born under a happy roof—of fifteen joyous, girlhood, school days, of a short sweet courtship and marriage, to the bravest, best man I ever knew, but for whiskey, of the day we moved into this palatial and well-kept home, of the—alas! so short honey-moon spent here. You will find all of these sweet sacred pleasures in the bottle of tears. A change, sharp and sudden, came. You may read it, sir in the tears I bequeath to you. They will tell you of the first time my husband crossed your villainous threshold; of the first time I detected liquor on his breath, and of how he put me gently aside with a shower of assuring kisses, saying that for my sake, he would never be brought under the hateful effect of strong drink; of how he became a constant tippler; of the first time his step was unsteady; of his rapid decline in home-keeping and home love; of the ease with which he would misunderstand me; of the first time he spoke a cross word to me; of the first oath in my presence. You will find it all in the bottle of tears, sir. You will find there, too, one rainy, wind-shaken, thunder-boomed, lightning-torched night, in which it looked as if the building would be demolished. It was that storm-shocked night that our first-born, little Mary, came into this old whiskey-soaked world. You will also find in the bottle of tears, the greed-gored part you played in my house that night—for while one physician was attending me, in an adjoining room, one stood over my poor drunken husband, who was the victim of imaginary serpents, gorillas and devils. In reality, he was only your victim. But you will find it, sir, in the bottle of tears. I saw in the lightning's glare the storm as it toyed with the shade trees. I heard the rain dashing in fury, against the windows; the room was jarred by angry thunder. But louder than thunder, to me, were the groans and screams and oaths of my erstwhile noble and manly, but now fallen and cowardly, husband.

You will find it all, sir, in the bottle of tears. I heard the low strange cry—the advent cry of the baby—a cry which ordinarily fills a mother with joy, but which filled me with a new anguish, as I thought of such a fit beginning to a career destined to be one of piercing shame. I at first prayed that we all three might meet death in the storm, which now seemed to be urged forward by all the furies of Pandemonium. Then I asked that the little one might live and win papa back to the path of sobriety, from which you, for gain, had led him.

"The next morning, he came and stood uneasily upon his feet, looked from bloated eyes upon us, stooped and kissed me and baby, and vowed he would never drink again. I believed him. The peach came back to my cheek; a girlish lustre kindled in my eye; a wife's and mother's pride began to lay plans for life and home—but they were soon dashed and broken, for before I was up from that bed, he came home drunk again. My sun went out in sudden, irretrievable midnight; my heavens, they

could be called, became starless, my heart petrified. But, sir, you will find it all, and more, in the bottle of tears. I need not tell you of the next few sorrow-laden years, and the coming of the second girl; of the flight of luxury, of the desertion of friends; of the absence of visitors; of the curtailing of expenses and enforced economy, in order to meet your liquor claims; of the loss of my health; of other efforts to keep the wolf from the door; of the times I have fled, by night, with frightened children, from a rum-crazed husband and father; of a cheerless hearthstone; of a bare table, and the birth of the third child, in the midst of the squalor, to which only a drunkard's home is familiar; of my vain efforts to keep the children clothed and fed; of the deeper depth into which you pulled my, now helpless, husband. One night there was such a pain in my heart that I cried out. It awoke Mary, who came to me and asked what the matter was. I told her that I was in so much pain, that I must be dying—that she would have to take mamma's place and care for papa and little sisters—that papa was a hopeless drunkard, and that she would soon be the only bread winner. You will find in the bottle of tears, how we spent that night, Mary and I, in praying and planning; how little Mary took her seat at dawn, in the doorway, and watched for her papa's return, how with the rising of the sun, he came staggering up the once flower-bordered, now weed-infested, road, how Mary ran down, threw her arms about her father and said—O, my papa! Our mama came near to death last night. She said I would have to care for you and little sisters, too. O, my sweet papa, you won't drink any more, will you? With an oath, which might become a demon, he raised his strong arm, and slapped the child—a blow that sent her to the gravelled walk, and left her bleeding and weeping, while he came on to curse and beat me. But you can read it all, sir, in the bottle of tears, the only thing I had in my own name and right to leave you, as a reminder of what the possessions have cost.

Only three mornings ago four of your obedient henchmen bore my precious husband home to me, at break of day, and laid him dead on the floor, and hurried back, I suppose, to the gambling table, over which your victim had just been shot. I found some friendly negroes to dig the grave—in what I thought was my garden, and we laid him down, under his favorite apple tree. I thought to put flowers there in the summer and shells in winter, and teach my girls of how noble he was before he fell into your clutches. But it seems I buried him in your garden, and under your apple tree! Indeed, he was laid on your floor. It is marked with your victim's blood. After some kind colored friends helped me to shroud him, and while sitting up with his precious remains that night, I tried to wash out the stains of blood, thinking I could not bear to look at it and walk over it. But it turns out that it is your floor, on which he who gave you his vast property, his manhood, his family, his very soul, found a cooling board. You will find it all, sir, in the bottle of tears. You order me to vacate. I obey. When you read this note I will be on my way, down the road east. I take that route, only because it leads me away from you and your den of destruction. I don't know where I, with my three girls, will spend the night. But one thing I promise you. Whatever there is in a widow's wall, or an orphan's cry, if there really be a God, we will meet you at His judgment bar—there to tell, and the truth to say, as to how you came by this home, which we now leave. You will find it all, sir, in the bottle of tears."

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**Farmers Look to Charleston.**  
Columbia, Sept. 18.—The Farmer's Union have determined upon working out a plan for selling cotton direct to European buyers through Charleston.

James L. Shipp, of Newberry, has been appointed chairman of a committee to elaborate this project, and he has been in conference with Commissioner E. J. Watson as to details for making the idea practical, and will shortly visit Charleston to take up the matter there with handlers of the staple.

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